NATIONAL REVIEW

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Tranquil World of Dwight D. Eisenhower

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

Royalist Revival in Central Europe

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Articles and Reviews by · · · · E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · RUSSELL KIRK · ANTHONY LEJEUNE
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For the Record

As commentary on the missile program snafu, Democratic Congressmen are circulating a card bearing the motto of President Eisenhower's native state, Kansas: "Ad astra per aspera"—to the stars through difficulties.

Senator Kefauver hopes to hit the television trail again this session with an elaborate inquiry into price increases in the automobile industry . . . . One veteran political observer says that the big issue in at least six states this fall will be water, not taxes or defense . . . . New York State politicians are wondering how many of the announced 100,000 copies of the "Rockefeller Report" will be circulated in New York in support of Nelson Rockefeller's bid for the gubernatorial nomination.

East German Communist officials seized, or returned to senders, thousands of Christmas packages mailed to near-destitute families in the Soviet Zone, claiming that receipt of such gifts supported efforts of the West to demonstrate that Germans in the Communist-controlled area live in poverty....Moscow is rapidly developing its own "Gibraltar" at Saseno, Albania. Some reports have as many as thirty Russian submarines operating from the base.

Congress opened with 150 standing and special committees, or 42 more than existed in 1945 when the Congressional Reorganization Act for the streamlining of Congress was passed....The Employer's Tax Guide of the Internal Revenue Service states that "any Communist organization ... registered or finally ordered to register under the Internal Security Act of 1950 as a Communist-action front or infiltrated organization" is to be considered "exempt" from social security deductions for its paid employees.

The shift of anti-Communist Ambassador Karl Rankin from Formosa to Yugoslavia is welcomed by congressional foes of further economic and military aid to Tito.... American businessmen are demanding that Washington make an effort to compete with German and Soviet trade missions which are working hard to develop Latin American markets....French diplomatic sources report that Hungarian prisons and concentration camps are overflowing and that some of the recently condemned Hungarian rebels are being shipped to prisons in the USSR.

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The WEEK

● "Argentine Budget Mystifies Nation," ran a headline last week. If you ask us, it's better to be mystified than stupefied.

● The report on "International Security—the Military Aspect" presented by the Special Studies Project of the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, Inc., is so far available only in summary. A proper analysis of its weighty conclusions must rest on a fuller acquaintance with the data that support them. We note here the curious circumstances of its sponsorship. The report is ostensibly the product of a panel of private citizens, but the names attached to it include many individuals who have been and some who still are intimately associated—in public or in private—with the inmost reaches of the government We have here what used to be called a cabal, an embryo of what might become, in Plato's phrase, a Nocturnal Council.

● Last year spokesmen for the National Education Association assured everybody in sight that there wasn't a chance, not a ghost of a chance, that the federal money the Association was pursuing would bring federal control over education of *any* kind, particularly not control of the curriculum. Now the Administration calls for huge federal grants—*to promote the teaching of mathematics and science.* To influence, that is, the curriculum in the way the government wants it influenced. Granted we need—and want—more math and more science. But that isn't the question. The question is, Is government influencing education? (We assume, of course, that no publicly supported school will employ admissions policies disapproved by Adam Clayton Powell, Jr. And, needless to say, no religious instruction.)

● *Our* stand on Vice President Nixon and his disputed jet is as follows, and let the chips fall where they may: Either a) Mr. Nixon has things worth saying to people in far places, or worth hearing from people in far places, or b) he does not. If b), he should be kept in Washington; if a), then the more of those people he can see, the better. So what we are up against is a simple problem in the rational allocation of two scarce resources, namely: one Vice President and one jet plane. The latter, while we are not actually fighting the Russians, can be used only for practice flights, which we should have thought might be just as well made to Mr. Nixon's destinations as to any others. And fie on the Air Force for having got cold feet about so sensible an arrangement as combining the two.

● John A. Gosnell, general counsel for the National Small Business Men's Association, has testified before the House Committee on Ways and Means in favor of three bills (H.R. 6452, H.R. 9119, H.R. 9415) which would reduce the rate of corporate and individual income taxation for all taxpayers. Contending that "long-range economic staying power" will determine the outcome of our struggle against the Soviets, Mr. Gosnell argued that while we have refrained from "using the dictator's ruthless compulsion" to keep our economic edge, we have "crippled by destructive rates of taxation" our traditional incentives.

● Do you want the *inside* story behind the dismissal of Dr. Edward U. Condon from government service some years ago? You can read it in a *Saturday Review* article, "Here Is a Case History." There are the misinformed among us who thought the question in point was whether Dr. Condon was, or was not, a security risk; and that a security board, having decided he was a risk, kicked him out. The issue actually was—and we have Dr. Condon's own word for it—whether Dr. Condon would "continue to fight for the Government's honor [by staying in the service], or yield to the Administration's determination to disgrace itself [by going out]." Now that we have it straight, we can hope that some day Dr. Condon will see it in his heart to give himself back his security clearance.

● Is the U.S. aid program in Iran adequate? asked the newsman. Yes, said the Iranian official. Is it well administered? Yes, said the Iranian. Is Iran happy with it? No, said the Iranian. Well, for gosh sakes, why not?—Why not? It's not enough, said the Iranian, to maintain our pride. It isn't that the Iranian government is in need of cash. (Iran draws over $200 million a year in oil revenues alone.) It's a matter of *prestige.* How can an Iranian official keep his standing in Mideast diplomatic circles when all his opposite numbers can boast how much bigger the checks are that *their* countries can pull from the U.S. Treasury?

● A year or so ago the Indonesian Army signed a contract to buy 3,500 jeeps from the Soviet Union. The first thousand to arrive have been breaking down almost as soon as they were unloaded. Tires blow out, windshield glass breaks, and motors fall apart. That ought to teach the Indonesians not to pay good rubles for surplus military junk when the Pentagon will ship them all they want for free.

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● State Department officials report that the Soviet Union is distributing the aid it has promised underdeveloped countries with "dispatch" and effectiveness. We suggest that the State Department take advantage of Soviet know-how by proposing a Joint Committee for Foreign Aid Handouts (JCFAH), which will have jurisdiction over all countries that are on the receiving end of both the U.S. and the USSR lists: Afghanistan, Cambodia, Ceylon, Ghana, India, Indonesia, Nepal, Yemen, Yugoslavia, for instance.

● West German border police checked the papers of Franz Grobauer three times last week before allowing him to cross from Communist East Germany into the Federal Republic. It was not that they feared he was a security risk. It was just that even they, with all their experience in processing refugees from the satellite world, found it hard to believe conditions behind the Iron Curtain could be so bad as to spur a centenarian—Grobauer is 108—into flight from his hearth and home. We hope Herr Grobauer settles down, in an atmosphere of freedom, and makes a new life for himself.

● Dr. Chi Chao-ting, chief of the Chinese Communist "window shopping" delegation that recently visited Britain, has suggested that one day Peiping might be interested in buying some atomic machinery in the British market. To which we might add: we know some British precedents that might be appealed to when the time comes to figure out how come such machinery is really "non-strategic."

● The Committee for Economic Development is currently conducting a prize contest financed by 500,000 Ford Foundation dollars. In the first round a large batch of world notables—Canada's Lester Pearson, Columbia's Henry Steele Commager, Harvard ex-New Deal Braintrusters, French ex-Premiers, and so on—were given fat purses to define in 2,000 words what will be the key U.S. economic problem over the next twenty years. The CED's skill in selecting its pensioners was neatly demonstrated by the consistency of the answers it got to this seemingly complex query. A goodly plurality came through like ideological soldiers: the crucial twenty-year problem for the United States is how to give away enough money to the backward nations fast enough. Or, as the CED press release puts it: "closing the gap between wealthy nations and poor."

● ON THE VOID LEFT BY THE DEATH OF MCCARTHY IN MINNEAPOLIS JOURNALISM: *Morning Tribune,* December 5, editorial: "Academic freedom is gaining in America. There is a swing back from the fearful days of acute McCarthyism, when many teachers felt impelled to avoid such subjects as Communism and even the United Nations in their classrooms."
Minneapolis Star, November 30, news story: "[Dr. Edward U. Condon] said Russia's scientific progress has not surprised 'those who have known dozens of cases of scientists who have been hounded out of jobs by silly disloyalty charges. . . . At last our President acted—in his own self-interest, not in defense of honor and decency—to [make amends to] McCarthy's victims.' "
Minneapolis Star, November 29, article by Marquis Childs: "The hatreds boiling up out of the school integration conflict . . . are evidence of the stuff on which McCarthyism flourished. The question one must ask today is where McCarthy might have gone . . . today, if he had, as Senator Flanders suggested, the capacities of a Hitler."

● Suppose we made up our minds to pay off our national debt of $275 billion by the year 2000—what annual payments would be called for, and how much would it end up costing us? Forty-four payments of $11.3 billion, says James C. Sweeney, would just do it, provided the interest on the debt does not rise above 3 per cent; and the total bill (amortization plus interest) would be $498 billion. If, on the other hand, we take the year 2050 as our target date instead of 2000, the annual payments fall only to $8.7 billion and the total bill rises to $826 billion. The clear implication, as the nearest reasonably bright child will tell you, is to pay off the debt soon—which, however, you can add to your list of 1,000 Obviously Indicated Things That Certainly Won't Be Done. The present prospect, also canvassed by Mr. Sweeney: outpayments of $8.7 billion in interest, for ever and ever. And ever.

● Our good friend and associate Mr. Alfred (China Lobby) Kohlberg celebrated last week his 377th unpublished letter to the *New York Times!* Let the man with a longer record of political sanity, or a more conclusive means of demonstrating it, step forward!

His Enemies and Ours

John Foster Dulles is winning a distinction that remained out of reach of even Al Capone and Leon Trotsky. Mr. Dulles can now be rated as not merely a national but a *World* Public Enemy No. 1. From the steps of the Kremlin to the columns of our own daily oracles, from China to Fleet Street, from *l'Humanité* to Herblock, the anathema on Dulles is solemnly proclaimed. Senator Warren Magnuson echoes the Oxford don who suggests that America's best New Year's gift to mankind would be the firing of Dulles.

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Mr. Dulles has, in our eyes, a good many mistakes on his record—though some of the worst of them are properly to be charged to the account of his principal, for whom by a lawyer's natural habit as well as by the appointive nature of his post he must be presumed to speak at times in despite of his own inclinations. But this present world-encompassing attack on the Secretary of State can only endear him to us. Mr. Dulles is honored in his enemies, and in the views against which their fire is directed. He is charged with being unbending toward Moscow. Let him stand all the firmer! He is criticized for "doctrinaire" anti-Communism and anti-Sovietism. Let him translate both into positive, not merely defensive, action! He is condemned for declaring that negotiations with proved liars are likely to be useless. Let him repeat such truths until they are drilled into the most wooden heads!

What Khrushchev, Aneurin Bevan and Walter Lippmann all object to in John Foster Dulles is the fact that he really *is* anti-Communist and anti-Soviet, that he really *does* believe in "firm containment." We also object to containment, but we wish, even less, to have substituted for it the appeasement that is the scarcely hidden objective of his traducers.

What Congress Can Do

What the country needs from the second session of the 85th Congress is, quite simply, truths: those truths that have become critical to the nation's security and survival. Except for any necessary reorganization of the defense establishment called for by these truths, we need no batches of new laws. In fact, as we remarked at the end of the first session, we would be better off by junking many laws now on the books than by adding new ones. We need no elaborate new federal programs in welfare, education, medicine, housing, agriculture or what-not. In fact, we would do well if most such programs that we now have were cut down or eliminated. But of the truth about security, defense, and arms, our need is urgent and imperative.

What is the best estimate, stripped of factional rhetoric, of Soviet military capabilities? What are the basic facts about our missile program, past, present, and probable future? Do we in reality have a dearth of scientists and technicians, and if so, why? Who—what precise individuals at whatever level—are responsible for any grave errors in our military estimates or grave failures in our military development? What is the real state of NATO? In what specified ways has foreign aid, military and economic, served, or can it henceforth serve, the nation's interest? And if it has not and cannot, what justification is there for foreign aid? What secret commitments have been made to Britain, France and Germany—or to Peiping and Moscow? Has the nation a strategic doctrine, and if so, what is it? Has the nation a policy, *any* policy?

The nation is ravaged by what Europeans call a *crise de confiance*—a collapse in the normal trust that citizens must have in their governors, a breakdown in public morale. Whipsawed by conflicting stories from a hundred sources, the public no longer knows whom to believe, and can react only in blind panic to every fairy story about men in space that filters out of Moscow. If it is ready to use to the full that "informing power" which Woodrow Wilson declared to be the supreme duty of the legislature of a representative democracy, Congress, by making the crucial truths known, can rout the ignorance on which the panic feeds, and restore the nation's confidence in itself, without which arms are no more than straw.

Strictly Non-Political

Resignations, in political life, are a dime a dozen. They are also predictable in the manner in which they come about. First, there is the news that So-and-So feels he has done his tour of duty and longs to return to private life. Then there is the "leak" from the White House, or the Prime Minister's office, that the Administration, or the Government, would be sorry to see So-and-So depart, but So-and-

Bo Brown

"He's a Freshman Senator!"

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So is determined to go. A further "leak" is that his departure has been "suggested." Principle? Ordinarily, there is none.

Last week, however, Peter Thorneycroft resigned abruptly, on a matter of principle, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Her Britannic Majesty's Government. He would not stomach an increased government budget for 1958-1959, and he said so. In his letter of resignation he tartly reminded his own party leadership of the duties and responsibilities of the Exchequer. Such behavior is in the Churchillian tradition of public service. We could do with a little of it on this side of the Atlantic. True, an occassional general resigns on principle in the U.S.—but a politician? Not since Calhoun.

Three Seers on the Crisis

The three Liberals whom *Look* magazine brings together in its current issue to solve the problem of "America and the World" do *not* merely repeat each other. Each, to be sure, is looking for a "road to peace." Each writes, clearly, under the spell of the current awe of the Sputniks. Each shows himself incapable of grasping the reasons why "negotiations" with the Russians are hopeless, and therefore silly.

Bertrand Russell stresses 1) the intolerableness of our present situation; 2) the ease with which Eisenhower and Khrushchev (*both* assumed to be men of good will) could, at the end of an evening's chat about the common interests of the U.S. and the USSR, transform its unpleasantnesses into an endless series of blessings; and 3) the sheer futility of any alternative course of action.

Walter Lippmann, as one would expect, is more sensible, more "realistic," and, happily, more convincing. Lippmann's coexistence, like Russell's, will go on pretty much forever, but it will rest on sharp teeth. You don't, moreover, need to opt for it, because, he thinks, actually there is no practicable alternative. We must, therefore, expect a foreign policy that "treats the Russians as equals, rather than, as in the past, treating them "as if they were defeated and prostrate." In fact, through an indefinite future, we must live in a "world where our competitors are as strong or stronger than we are."

Paul Hoffman is left the task of exploring the question, What—over and above remaining strong enough not to be swamped by the USSR—what else should we do besides negotiate? We should "accept the right of other people to choose their own form of government"; take a look at our "entrenched military positions" and see if we might safely yield some of them; offer numerous scholarships to students in the Communist and uncommitted nations for study in the U.S.; expand USIA; offer the Russians "equal time" on VOA and Radio Free Europe; and set up some kind of a "Supreme Council of Peace, with the same authority as the Joint Chiefs of Staff, to consider and carry out all the ideas the fertile American imagination can dream up." All this, he assures us, we can do for a mere $2,000,000,000 a year.

Here is our contribution to the accumulated wisdom of this week's *Look*.

Why don't we just persuade the Communists to give up Communism?

Rush to the Barricades

Not so long ago, Vice President Nixon let it be known that some cuts in technical aid to underdeveloped areas might be necessary. The hint was hardly out of his mouth before the State Department swung into action with an "estimate" that the Soviet Union had agreed in the last two and one half years to provide ten underdeveloped nations with $1,500,000,000 in economic aid. The figure, so the State Department said, came from adding up the substance of reports from many sources—U.S. Overseas Missions, private organizations specializing in foreign affairs, and finally, the CIA.

It is quite possible that the State Department is correct in its estimate of Soviet intentions. It would be hard to invent such ponderable objects-in-aid as the $150,000,000 steel mill which the USSR is providing for India, to be completed in 1960; or the $10,000,000 oil refinery which the Czechs have contracted to build in Syria. Even so, the State Department estimate should not be taken without any questioning. It came all too patly in response to a threat that the overseas missions—a fearsome pressure group—might be endangered in some pretty lush pickings. The pros and cons of aid to underdeveloped countries should be debated thoroughly. But what is needed in the debate is a good healthy slug of journalism that is not committed to maintaining anything but the safety of the United States.

Recession Semantics

Economists have become the true poets of our day. No Shelley e'er strove with nicer verbal delicacy to choose the exact verbal epithet for his beloved, than our economists to find the perfect name for . . . well, for the current unpleasantness that shrouds the business scene, if you'll excuse our referring to it in such brutal fashion.

Shall it be "adjustment," "correction," or that new and rather exciting, loop-the-loop sounding "*rolling* adjustment"? Or have things got to the stage of "recession," the more ominous "deflation," the

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unthinkable "depression," the "crisis" that any columnist worth his salt can discover daily in whatever field he writes about?

We have less faith than some of the economists (and columnists) in verbal incantation. Business is not good, and for a while at least it is going to get worse. We doubt that the path of the economy's curve will be affected much, one way or the other, by our choice of gloomy or optimistic words by which to describe it. For our own journalistic purposes we incline, on the evidence so far, to the fairly neutral term, "recession," and this we propose to use in referring to the economy's current condition. As production falls, machines slow down, and unemployment rises, "correction" or "adjustment" become Pollyanna's evasions. But whatever the full economic retribution that lies athwart our more distant future, a prolonged and deep deflationary crisis does not yet seem to belong to this phase of the cycle.

Though risking Humpty-Dumpty's fate, we therefore declare: an "economic recession" is what we are now in.

Last Resort

Last week was a gala week for left-wing critics of right-wing writers to trot out the Ultimate Weapon of abuse: anti-Semitism. Mr. Joel Carmichael, identified as "Fulbright Fellow in Islamic Studies and writer on the Middle East for *Foreign Affairs*," goes after Freda Utley's *Will the Middle East Go West?* in the *New Leader* of January 6, and throws everything in the book at her. Mostly the trouble with Miss Utley, says Mr. Carmichael in about as many words, is that she is not as bright as he is, or as informed, not having had a Fulbright in Islamic Studies. But for those to whom Mr. Carmichael's intellectual superiority is not self-evident, he has the most reliable calumny: ". . . I know it's bad form to mention such things [but] there is a curious, thin thread of plain, old-fashioned anti-Semitism running through [Miss Utley's] book . . ."

The Sunday section of the *New York Times* carried a review by Robert Graves of the recently published *Collected Poems of Roy Campbell.* The choice of reviewer was grotesque, of course: who would expect Graves to understand devotional lyric verse? In the course of a clumsy attempt to make Campbell out a coward who misrepresented his role in the Spanish Civil War, Mr. Graves (in a deft parenthesis) remarks that Campbell "(was a sad Jew-baiter)."

Well, we know it's bad form to mention such things —but the Zionist insistence that all anti-Zionists are crypto-anti-Semites may, like a bear market, end up justifying itself, and that would be tragic indeed. One can hope that the day will come when the world of *belles lettres* will be as indignant over an unjustified charge of racism as it now is over the unjustified charge of pro-Communism.

R. I. P.

Last week Howard Rushmore, having first shot his wife, shot himself; both were dead when the taxi, in which the carnage took place, pulled up at a police station. No one has mourned Rushmore's death, for reasons which—we suppose—are understandable: for two years he had filled what is probably the ugliest job in America. He had been editor of *Confidential.*

It was never clear what drove Rushmore, who had served faithfully in the unrewarding fight against Communism, to that obscenity. Things, true, had gone badly for him. As a weekly columnist for the Hearst press, reporting on anti-Communist activity, he was restless. Fifteen years earlier, as a Communist on the staff of the *Daily Worker,* he had also fretted; for then, as now, he hungered for action. He got a leave of absence, to go to work for Senator McCarthy. But he was not in Washington two months. He quarrelled with Roy Cohn. Back in New York he nursed a dislike for Cohn which became pathological. One day he ventilated his grudge in his column; and he was fired. He turned up on *Confidential.*

We recall talking with Sloane O'Dwyer at a cocktail party honoring the publication of a novel by Ralph de Toledano in 1955. Rushmore came in, and walked over. "Hello, Sloane," he said. She turned her back on him. A year later he quit *Confidential.* "None of my friends," he told someone, "will speak to me." That was largely correct, and under the circumstances, it is not altogether unjust to fasten some blame on his friends—on us—for his mad and tortured end.

We congratulate the Fund for the Republic for seeking out the knowledge of Mr. Frank S. Meyer on the subject of Communist methods of training and molding recruits to serve as members of the party élite. Mr. Meyer has a grant from the Fund's "Communism in American Life" project, and his report will be published by Harcourt, Brace some time next year.

Our readers will note a slight change in the arrangement of our issue. Beginning this week we incorporate into what once was a section reserved exclusively for book reviews, the column, Arts and Manners. This permits greater flexibility, and allows us, moreover, to consolidate the culture section in the back of the book. We hope you like it.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Their Finest Hour?

There is no truer sign of these times than that the Eisenhower Administration emerged last week as the bastion of sanity in the non-Communist world. It was only relative sanity, so that optimism was not in order. But there it was: a policy that resisted demands from all sides, domestic and foreign, to turn steady disintegration into an imminent rout.

Here was the factual situation, as sized up in Washington and other Western capitals. The United States currently possesses military superiority over the Soviet Union. Concretely, and in the strategic terms in vogue, we still have a deterrent: though the Soviets have numerous short-range missiles in field units along the western frontiers of their empire and probably some operational 1,500-mile ones, and though their intercontinental giants are probably in the production stage, the U.S. Strategic Air Command—as of now—can unload more explosive power, faster. Fears, in some quarters, that the U.S. is already behind had largely abated because of Soviet failure to make the kind of demands on the West that a present arms superiority would warrant. A consensus held, however, that the chances are exceedingly good of the relative military advantage passing over to the Soviet Union in the near future—most estimates ran from within six months to within a year. And more: that the gap between Soviet and U.S. strength will probably widen for a period following a shifting of the balance.

This prognosis seems to have been shared in neutral capitals, with all doubts tending to be resolved in favor of the Soviet Union. Consequently, long-standing neutralist suspicions that Communism is "the winning side" were firming up into something approaching certainty.

A rational Western response to this situation would seem to have been either a) strike; and if not the decisive blow, a series of smaller ones calculated to bring down the Soviet leaders before the balance can shift. Or b) bend the knee to the inevitable. It is to the credit of the Eisenhower Administration that being congenitally incapable of doing the former, it is not—not now anyway—doing the latter either. And this despite immense pressures, from wherever it looked, to bend.

In Western Europe last week the move to achieve an accommodation with Russia became a stampede. All the winds in Paris had blown in that direction: some NATO powers had refused outright to offend the Kremlin by placing missile bases on their territories; the rest, in effect, had postponed decision pending negotiations with the Russians about calling the fight off. Even Adenauer's Germany had appeared to be weakening. (And who, incidentally, could blame the Germans for wanting to talk about the Rapacki Plan? Agree to surrender missile bases they don't have, and won't until Heaven knows when, in return for dismantling bases in Eastern Europe the Russians already have? The logic was devastating.) Early in the week President Heuss, speaking presumably for the Bonn government, went the rest of the way and endorsed George Kennan: no more "public" intransigence, a "new approach" to the Soviets through "diplomatic channels." *I.e.,* a deal. Later in the week, Britain broke. It was not a Labor government, but the Tories who proposed, incredibly, a non-aggression pact with the Communists—as a means of proving Western sincerity.

And the heat was on at home. While most Democrats had refrained from endorsing Stevenson's plea for an "affirmative" response to the Bulganin letter, a critical party line was expected to take shape as soon as the President published his reply. In the press, the Administration's "negative attitude" was under vigorous attack. Harry Truman's syndicated column stated the position: the U.S. must do something "to take the initiative"; and an editorial in the Washington *Evening Star* explained the logic behind it: if we do not agree to meet Khrushchev at the summit, we will be "fiddling while Rome burns." Even within the Administration camp, defections occurred. Harold Stassen, who evidently understood the advantages of being "in league with the future" long before Arthur Larson read Ibsen, was on top of the drive to conciliate the Kremlin.

But the Eisenhower Administration, for the present, has refused to budge. (The credit, no doubt, belongs primarily to Secretary Dulles. On the account of a high Administration official who is close to the Secretary, Dulles intends to resign if the President agrees to a summit meeting at this time.) The Administration remains convinced that any departure from its pre-Sputnik policies would be interpreted as a confession of weakness. We should "take the initiative"? The Administration knows that in the light of the world's view that Russia is in the driver's seat, any U.S. initiative would fall into the appeasement category—any, that is, that would qualify under the prohibitions against "saber-rattling" and "aggression."

How, then, does the Administration propose to bring us home safe? By working as hard and as fast as it can, on hardware, in the hopes of staving off a decisive Soviet advantage. And don't believe the story that the Administration is skimping in this area—the charge is akin to that of treason. Or the allied myth that budget-balancing considerations are getting in the way of making weapons. That may have been true in the past when the Administration thought we were safely ahead, but the Administration is now running scared, though it is deemed bad public relations to say so.

If Eisenhower & Co. should win their race against time—and it may take the intervention of Providence to do even that—why, that is a gain, and this would be their finest hour. The Communists would be forced back to the task of winning the world by fits and starts, instead of by leaps and bounds. Which is something. It is the kind of something that drives people to the seashore on summer evenings to catch a last glimpse of the sun.

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The Tranquil World of Dwight D. Eisenhower

Such is our crisis that it cannot, the author says, be solved by men of deficient understanding: Mr. Eisenhower must, inevitably, be repudiated

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

The third National Review Forum, held in New York City on December 19, sponsored a debate on the question, "Should the Republican Party repudiate Eisenhower?" The negative was defended by Mr Tex McCrary, the journalist and radio and TV commentator who, as an ardent supporter of Mr. Eisenhower, has directed a number of Eisenhower rallies in New York's Madison Square Garden and elsewhere. Mr. McCrary spoke extemporaneously and from notes. Mr. Buckley, taking the affirmative, opened the debate, which was attended by 2,000 persons, with the following statement:

It is early December 1952. We are aboard a C-54. The large plane has been put at the disposal of the President-Elect, who is redeeming the promise made to the voters a few weeks before in the course of the campaign, personally to visit the war front in Korea. Mr. Eisenhower and his advisers are headed home. They have spent twenty-four hours in Korea, and are now on the way back to America and, in five weeks, to power.

The scene is the main cabin of the great plane. It is midmorning. The engines are purring. At the back, the President-Elect sprawls relaxed, reading a Mickey Spillane. Mr. C. D. Jackson and Mr. John Foster Dulles are seated opposite each other. Mr. Jackson is lost in his thoughts. But something gradually intrudes into his consciousness. He becomes uneasily aware that somebody is staring at his feet. It is Mr. Dulles. "Where," he asks at last, "do you have your shoes made, C.D.?" "Church's — Madison and 48th Street," says Mr. Jackson. "Oh," Dulles answers. Silence closes in again.

That silence, five years later, is unbroken.

Nothing—not screams in Budapest nor bayonets in Little Rock, not a collapse in the stock market nor an increase in unemployment, not rockets high in the skies of Russia or deep in the sands of Florida—nothing disturbs the tranquil world of Dwight Eisenhower. In five years he furrowed his brow only once. But fortune, with characteristic solicitude for Dwight Eisenhower's equanimity, first incapacitated, then removed Senator McCarthy from the scene.

No reasonable man can hold Dwight Eisenhower singly responsible for the plight of this nation at this moment. Even leaving aside the great historical forces that were shaped longer ago than five years, and which appear to be converging on the immediate future, the guilt must be distributed widely. Could not Dwight Eisenhower appear here tonight and still the debate by saying. "*You* asked for me, did you not? You were not—certainly not in 1956—buying a pig in the poke, were you? *You* had me for four years and asked for four years more. *You* registered the vote with Dr. Gallup that makes me the most popular man in modern American history. *You* stormed the gates of the cities in which I traveled and roared your approval. *You* bought the millions of books and magazines and newspapers that told my story and praised my name. *You* called me to guide your destinies. Who am I supposed to serve, anyway?—the great majority of my countrymen who, knowing me for what I am, put me where I am—or the little groups of dissidents and malcontents who stand athwart the will of America, hurling impertinences in my face?"

These are sobering words. If we are to repudiate Eisenhower we are, indeed, in a sense repudiating our own countrymen, our own past; and such a thing is not lightly done. When it *is* done, when we move away from our own past positions, we tend to treat ourselves with considerable understanding and gentleness. That same personal gentleness that mitigates our treatment of ourselves, must today mitigate our treatment of our President. But the correction of ourselves, the revaluation of our President and his policies, must not be averted by reason of pride, or sentimentality. I am here to contend that we cannot either put revaluation off, or conceal from ourselves the meaning of what we are doing. Indeed, assuming an incapacity in Mr. Eisenhower himself to change—and by now I assume it—I am here to contend that either we will outgrow him, or evil days will overtake us.

The sin of Eisenhower has been the sin against reality. Many men, of all kinds, make that sin. Evil men, and gamblers, and romancers. Eisenhower is none of these. His sin against reality is due to deficient understanding; and his occupancy of high office is the result of a raging national ignorance. How can Eisenhower lead our people to safety if he does not know the way? And how can the people show him the way if they do not know it either?

I sometimes feel that it takes a

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tainted mind to understand—to really understand—the threat of Communism. To *really* understand Communism is to have touched pitch: one's view of man is forever defiled. To understand Communism means to understand the terrible capacity of man for violence and treachery, an apprehension of which leaves one forever tormented. In a perverse sense the stubborn, the invincible ignorance of Dwight Eisenhower is a kind of tribute to his character. I suspect—I don't suspect: I *know*—that Dwight Eisenhower, in his heart of hearts, does not believe for one moment that the reason the Soviet Union is producing atom and hydrogen bombs is to drop them on people. Dwight Eisenhower cannot bring himself to acknowledge this primary reality, and all that it signifies. Rather than rip that last veil and behold the shocking designs of human beings against other human beings, he slips back into his familiar world of copybook homilies; back to the world he learned about at his mother's knee. Once there he endeavors to account for himself, and the crises he faces, by taking refuge in that verbal pandemonium which, but for the majesty of the office, would be the fountainhead of contemporary American jest.

Let me not imply what I do not mean to. President Eisenhower knows —he is not ignorant in *this* sense—he knows that Communist after Communist has talked and written about the ultimate world holocaust in which Communism and capitalism will meet for the final showdown. He knows no one could surprise him by mere references to Communist literature—that the leaders of the Communist world are on record as intending to conquer the world at any cost. The point is, he doesn't quite believe it —any more than the American people quite believe it. Something—somebody—will restrain the Communists. God, maybe. The United Nations, maybe. Sherman Adams, maybe. Or possibly a troubled conscience. Perhaps it will be a sort of mellowed indisposition to set going anything quite so cataclysmic as a thermonuclear war that will slow them down. Mr. Eisenhower tends to look on the Communist Manifesto as campaign rhetoric, Communist style. The Communists have their Marx, he reasons, just as the Republicans have their Arthur Larson; and neither is to be taken too seriously. You do a lot of preaching—Mark Twain, on being reproached for his swearing, answered his minister—you do a lot of preaching, and I do a lot of cussing, and neither of us means very much by it.

There is no other intelligible explanation for Eisenhower's movements in the past five years than that he does not take the Communists at their word as to the aims of Communism. What man who knows Communism would have gone to Geneva to act as a sounding board for Communist propaganda? What man, having made the mistake of going, would have declared, the whole world breathless at his feet, that he believed the Communists—as he put it—"want peace as much as we do"? Where is the man who understands Communism who would say, as Eisenhower did at a press conference last summer, that ". . . I was very hard put to it when [Marshal Zhukov] insisted that [the Communist] system appealed to the idealistic, and we completely to the materialistic, and I had a very tough time trying to defend our position . . ."? Who except a man incapable of understanding Communism could, after so many demonstrations that the Communists mean exactly what their high priests say, permit the national policy to bog down one more time over so palpable a ruse as Marshal Bulganin's call for the one-millionth conference at which to "reconcile the world's differences"?

As long as General Eisenhower is there—or any other man of such deficient understanding—the West will continue to acquiesce in its role as a muffler of Communist atrocities, and to obscure the meaning of Communist activity. In pursuing policies that are unrelated to reality, Mr. Eisenhower distracts attention from the noise of bullets fired into the hearts of captive patriots; he mutes the pitch at which, throughout the Communist world, the factories that produce the engines of death are working. The Communists seem to have perpetually at their disposal the most dependable echo chambers for their hypocrisies; as long as they can, the Communists will turn for help to minds that never learn, to ears that always listen, to wills that are forever benumbed. The tranquil world of Mr. Eisenhower is the world in which the Communists are thriving.

Granted that a deficient understanding as to the nature of the enemy leaves us at a suicidal disadvantage in our war against the Soviet Union—is that the whole case against Mr. Eisenhower? Alas, it is not. For this deficient understanding is not only of that against which we must defend ourselves. It extends to that which we seek to defend. Mr. Eisenhower himself, with that candor which is so admirable in him, told us last summer that he had experienced insurmountable difficulties in demonstrating to Marshal Zhukov the superiority of the Western system. Mr. Eisenhower's difficulties, in his great dialogue with the Marshal, arose from the fact that he does not himself have a deep understanding of the Western position. In this respect, let us hasten to concede, he is far from being alone.

Indeed, the Eisenhower movement, in 1952, was fundamentally a retreat from understanding—a retreat from an explicit expression of the meaning of American society. Many of those who are so shocked at the mere question being raised whether the time has come for the Republican Party to repudiate Eisenhower were in there dancing with glee when the Republican Party repudiated its organic leader, Senator Taft, in 1952. What superior qualifications for the Presidency had General Eisenhower demonstrated, that he should have been chosen over the gifted, industrious, experienced and knowing Senator who had devoted a long and intellectually active life to understanding his society? Many superior qualifications were, to be sure, alleged. In the uproarious buildup programmed by *Time* magazine and other public relations firms Mr. Eisenhower was compared to the rising sun and the heavenly firmament. There are those who even today have not shrugged off the effects of the propagandists' drug, so massive was the dose. But as far as the professionals were concerned—the delegates at the Republican Convention and those to whom they listened—

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a single superior qualification of Mr. Eisenhower was firmly communicated. It was Mr. Eisenhower's popularity—and what followed on it: the greater likelihood that he could lead the Republican Party to power.

The causes of that popularity were not, in that stampede from reason, properly analyzed. The fact of Mr. Eisenhower's personal charm cannot be disputed. It is a real and tangible thing, that charm. I have no doubt that if Mr. Eisenhower were to appear here tonight and speak to us for five minutes, he would have us eating out of his hand, myself included. . . . But personal charm, however vast, cannot move vast political landscapes. Something much beyond that was wanted by the refugees from reality; and in Mr. Eisenhower it was found, in abundance.

What the New Republicans needed was a great political shapelessness, an infinite ideological plasticity which, on approaching the great unresolved political problems that have arisen out of the growth of Communism and the omnipotent State, could be relied upon to ooze its way over those problems, without grind, or tear, or rasp or friction. The Eisenhower approach was designed not to solve problems, but to refuse, essentially, to recognize that problems exist; and so, to ignore them. The backers of Eisenhower, men, like him, of good intentions and deficient understanding, did not want a man of the hard analytical mind of Taft—who, when faced with a problem, acknowledged its existence, set out as best he could to understand it, and cope with it. They wanted a man who would guide an ephemeral ship of state in its course irrespective of the rocks that lay in the way, blindly trusting that if the shoals were ignored, they would, somehow, yield safe passage. They wanted not a man who would wrestle with problems, but who would blow them dreamily away.

Thus, in four years with Mr. Eisenhower we have not solved the farm problem; we coexist with it, at the cost of several billions per year and an artificially organized economy. We have not solved crucial problems of political administration and economics: The Hoover Commission's proposals are there for all of us to see, and Eisenhower more or less approves of them and nothing, more or less, happens. The passion to federalize social and economic functions is as ardent today as it was in 1952, and beyond a few ritualistic rhetorical dampeners, Mr. Eisenhower has done nothing to check it. The problem of internal security, on the way to a solution when Mr. Eisenhower was elected, has, by his inattention, relapsed to a state worse than that under Mr. Truman. The labor barons, who posed in 1952 an acute problem understood by Senator Taft, have waxed stronger in five years, and have got virtual guarantees of noninterference from the Eisenhower Administration: for to interfere with them would mean to dig in and take a stand, and Eisenhower does not take stands, except against McCarthy and the Bricker Amendment. The erosion of states' rights has long been the anxious concern of those who consider political decentralization essential to freedom—yet Eisenhower, deficient in understanding of the anatomy of freedom, or the genius of the American political tradition, has hastened, by his bland approval of sociological pioneering by the courts, the dissolution of state boundaries.

The world, alas, would not stand still for Mr. Eisenhower, would not hold its breath while he somnambulated his way through two terms in the White House. The forces that are at work throughout the world striving resolutely to set up a Communist order walk their way effortlessly through Madison Avenue's salvos proclaiming the invincibility of Modern Republicanism. In this country, the forces of the Liberal left have gathered strength and determination from the victory, within the Republican Party, of ideological toothlessness. The combined forces, so very much stronger than the uncertain and puzzled figure who more or less tries to more or less subdue them, grow more and more impudent, more and more arrogant, more and more demanding: and the captain's orders, feeble, indecisive, irrelevant, are lost in the growing tumult. The Republican Party, under Mr. Eisenhower, is in danger of suffering the final humiliation: it is coming to resemble Mr. Eisenhower's own descriptions of his political philosophy: it is becoming, in a word, incoherent.

Is "repudiation" such a harsh thing? I do not think so, and I do not think, on the record, Mr. Eisenhower thinks so. We know from Mr. Robert Donovan, the official biographer of Mr. Eisenhower, that after being in office for a few months, the President summoned his White House staff and announced that *he* had decided to repudiate the Republican Party and found a new party of his own. His friends remonstrated with him, and in due course he was persuaded to stay in the Republican Party. Perhaps Mr. Eisenhower is still unhappy in the Republican Party that shelters a Bridges and a Knowland and a Bricker and honors the memory of a Taft, and would, if a graceful opportunity were presented, gladly withdraw from it. . . .

Conceivably: but let us be more realistic and conclude that the chances are slight of any such public disavowal, even if Mr. Eisenhower continues to think as poorly of the Republican Party now as he did in 1953. By the same token it is romantic to suppose that the Republican Party would specifically repudiate Mr. Eisenhower; such things, we all know, do not happen in politics. I urge not so much official action by the Republican Party, or corporate action by Republican organizations: I urge individual resolutions to break away from a movement, and a movement's leader, who cannot serve the best interests of the Republican Party, or the nation, or the world. We are grown men and women, and we must put aside childish ways, and face the world of grown people, of realities and problems and sorrows and crises. Let us, as far as Mr. Eisenhower is concerned, take the pledge. I hereby serve notice on Mr. McCrary that next time he stages one of those high masses in Madison Square Garden urging Mr. Eisenhower to run for a seventeenth term, I shall be lurking in the shadows, and anyone who reads my lips will know that I am muttering a subversive prayer to our Lord to grant Washington another leader, and Gettysburg another squire.

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Letter from London

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

The Year in Retrospect

History doesn't really divide into sections according to the calendar. There's no logical reason why the beginning of January should be a time for stock-taking, but this year the occasion is rather suitable. Just over a year has passed since Suez, just over a year since Hungary. Mr. Macmillan has had a year in office. The past year brought the struggle against inflation into the open. It brought some fundamental military rethinking on both sides of the Atlantic.

It was a good year for the Communists. Mr. Khrushchev, planting himself more firmly in the saddle, saw Arab nationalism blazing merrily in the Middle East; Syria added to the list of his particular friends; the United Nations powerless to do anything about the Suez Canal or Hungary; Indonesia shaking like a ripe plum ready to fall into his basket; and, sailing unchallenged overhead, the Sputniks. What a year! But success has its dangers. The Western powers grew so frightened that they actually started working together again. America took a hand, however clumsily, in the Middle East; the threat to Turkey brought fresh declarations of solidarity; plans were made for a wider exchange of scientific information; Dr. Adenauer was decisively re-elected in Germany; and the year ended with a top-level meeting of NATO at which the Alliance was to be reactivated and rearmed.

It was this NATO meeting which really set the seal on the year. It was urgently required. The weakness of the Western Alliance has long been its political incoherence. This meeting at least recognized the overriding political claims of the Alliance, the fact that every member's problems are of vital concern to the rest. And yet, as everyone knows, something went wrong.

What started out as a demonstration to frighten the Kremlin turned into a renewed plea for peace in our time. Almost all the British newspapers proclaimed a great new hope: many of them pointed darkly at Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as "men dangerously out of touch with public opinion." The Americans were painted as selfish warmongers, foiled by the peace-loving man-in-the-street. The Labor Party fulminated against U.S. planes carrying H-bombs on patrol from British bases, and public alarm increased accordingly. So much for the demonstration of Western unity.

Facts are always better faced, and this is probably a fair reflection of majority opinion; but there are two lessons which we can and should learn. The first is that, if the NATO meeting was substantially a shock and a failure, the immediate cause was sheer lack of understanding, lack of information even, between America, Britain and the European members of the Alliance. The American delegation evidently had no idea of the strength of neutralist opinion. They were quite unprepared to deal with the latent anti-Americanism which readily suspects that Europe is being offered as a sacrifice for the protection of the U.S. This anti-Americanism exists in Britain, curiously uniting the extreme right and the extreme left, but it is far stronger on the Continent where it usually becomes a general suspicion of the Anglo-Saxon bloc as something separate from and largely inimical to Europe proper. American politicians seem oblivious of these suspicions and European politicians are more apt to exploit than to mitigate them.

The second lesson concerns the ultimate cause of the NATO failure. The newspapers were quite right: Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd were dangerously out of touch with public opinion: so were President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles. None of these Great Men had noticed how rapidly support was melting away from behind them. Mr. George Kennan and the *Observer* and the German Socialists have between them propagated an intellectually acceptable version of neutralism, and a frightened world is grabbing at it as though it were the only straw on the sea. Just one year after Hungary, the newspapers of Western Europe are talking cheerfully about Russia and America as though they were simply two opposing giants, with no moral distinction between them.

This is the real source of the trouble: the West has no common moral purpose. NATO, to most of its members, is simply an alliance of self-interest to be abandoned without a second thought if self-interest so dictates. Mr. Khrushchev and his Sputniks have done their work only too well. No one wants to be blown up, so it seems mere common sense to try and make a deal with the Russians.

Anyone would think we'd never tried talking to the Russians before; that there had never been conferences at Potsdam and Yalta and Geneva; that Bulganin and Khrushchev had never come to London; that Hungary had never revolted; that the doctrines of Marx and Lenin and Stalin had been publicly abandoned; that Marshal Bulganin hadn't said just a few weeks ago, "The Communist Party never makes a compromise unless it is in its ultimate favor."

More than two thousand years ago, when civilized Greece was threatened by the expanding Macedonian empire, Demosthenes tried to waken his people to their danger. "You make war like unskilled boxers," he said. "Whenever you receive a blow, your hands fly to the spot; when you are hit somewhere else, there go your hands; but to ward off the blows, to watch your antagonist, for that you have neither skill nor spirit." Is that not just the warning which should have been read out at Paris in December? Demosthenes failed and Athens was lost, lost not for lack of material strength but for lack of skill and spirit.

The NATO meeting may not have been a success, but it showed the leaders of the West very clearly what they must do. They must imbue the Alliance with a common will and a sense of moral purpose; and before they can do it, they must have better intelligence—in both senses of the word.

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Royalist Revival in Central Europe

In the spiritual void of Middle Europe, says Mr. Wilhelmsen, a supra-national monarchism is winning followers with its demand for a new European federation under Cross and Crown

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSEN

Today Central Europe is suffering: it suffers from the flu; from Thornton Wilder; from the tragedy of the *Pamir;* from Little Rock; from the Russian satellites. Yet Europe prefers to suffer these things, even the satellites, than to think about the Russian armies poised in the east. Europe prefers *not* to think about its own future. This is to say that Europe today is a vacuum, a vacuum separating an élite from a mob.

Above rests a sizable minority of intellectually minded Christians, rapidly purifying their lives as they bring every resource at their command into the service of Christian existence; largely uninterested in politics, they are well on the way to forming a new aristocracy of the spirit. Overly contemptuous of the American way of life, painfully sensitive of the appeal of Marxism for the masses, they will become the martyrs of the twentieth century should Russia decide to occupy the West and thus make its own the rump Europe created by Yalta and Teheran.

Below them, at the very bottom, is an immense ferment. The lower orders are being debased rapidly by the importation of the worst aspects of American civilization. Worshipping sports and the cinema, reading a press whose vulgarity would amaze the most hardened critic of the American newsstand, millions are swiftly becoming a grotesque caricature of what Madison Avenue likes to call "The American Way of Life." Dumb to their own cultural inheritance, bored by political slogans grown banal with the years, they await—cynically and with a kind of animal intelligence—some gospel to lead them out of the jungle. Ride their buses and trucks; stand with them through the night on second and third class trains; eat their rough bread and drink their harsh wine; mix with them in rock-and-roll dives; listen to the genius with which they debase our popular culture; face their ironic mingling of cynicism and cinema worship; confront the awful violence that stalks the sewers of this lonely and most free of continents —do these things: only thus can a man from America come to know Europe as she really is.

The Millions Between

Sprawling between the Christian élite and the jungle is the vacuum. Here live the millions who hope for a decent life for their children; who work and save as only Europeans can; who attempt, each in his way, to build a private world, earth-rooted and thus untouched by the asceticism and spirituality of the new Christian aristocracy; who shore up their venerable household traditions against the barbarism from below. These are the people—and they number into the millions—who act as though Russia were not there, who are content to be perpetual indigents of the United States, who wish Europe to be strong but not so strong as to disturb the Soviet giant. They vote for the most part as their fathers instructed them but altogether without the old zeal that fought the *Kulturkampf* in Berlin or mounted the barricades in Vienna. Contemptuous of politicians and suspicious of governments, they are but dumbly aware that their continent lacks the substance, the unity, the dedication without which occupation from the East is but a tactical issue delayed for the moment by a Kremlin fully aware that it can take the West in a matter of weeks any time the world situation shall demand such action.

Lacking corporate enthusiasm, altogether without some common symbol, some public Thing recalling the inheritance of the past and promising future greatness, Europe waits on the appearance of a prophet and the advent of a gospel.

This is the void that the new supra-national monarchism of Central Europe is attempting to fill. In Germany the *Neues Deutschland* group, philosophical monarchists vaguely in favor of a European Federation under a common crown, has begun to penetrate the universities, has already achieved intellectual pre-eminence in those circles priding themselves on a genuinely European point of view. But it is in Austria that the new supra-national monarchism has its most effective instrument and its most dedicated followers. I refer to the *Monarchistische Bewegung Oesterreichs,* to its twenty thousand card-carrying members and its quarter million followers. Its program declares that the monarchy is the sole secure foundation for the rights of man in an age increasingly tyrannized by anonymous power; that only the Crown, independent of both the power of money and the power of organized masses, can secure for the future of Europe that freedom which has ever been the dream of the lands of the evening; that the House of Hapsburg alone has succeeded throughout the centuries in building a family of nations; that today Austria and its House stand ready once again to form the core of the European Federation of the future; that to this program every Austrian monarchist pledges fortune and even life itself.

The movement joins together catholicity of vision (it is without any trace of xenophobia); realism in judgment (it is aware of the awesome atomic future dawning over the West

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today); and largeness of spirit (willing to work with men of every party except the Communist, the movement speaks for nothing other than the common patrimony of Christendom). If any force exists today in the West capable of building the continent into a unity respecting the peculiar inheritance of each European fatherland, friendly to America yet not cravenly dependent on her, capable of facing the East in the great crisis sure to come, drawing proudly on its venerable tradition without living parasitically upon it; that force, as yet potential even while it grows daily, is the Austrian Monarchist Movement.

Austrian Royalism

Born with the forced departure of Archduke Otto from Austrian soil in 1945, the history of Austrian royalism is one with the tragedy of those years when the West surrendered half its patrimony to Moscow. A commonplace throughout Central Europe, the story of Austrian monarchism has not been reported fully in any American magazine or newspaper.

Briefly, it is this: The Archduke appeared in Innsbruck with his brothers in 1945 and placed himself, as an Austrian citizen, at the service of the Tyrolean *Land* government. At that time the Austrian *Länder* functioned independently of one another because no central government had been established in Vienna. The French occupation forces made no objection to the presence of the Archduke, nor did the other two Western powers when informed of the fact. In Vienna the Austrian Communists objected and were promptly backed by the Soviet occupying forces. The latter protested in the Allied Council. By then the Austrian central government had been formed. Prompted by its Communist members, particularly the Minister of the Interior, the Federal Government demanded and secured the Archduke's departure from Austrian soil.

Simultaneously the Monarchist Movement established itself openly in the diverse Austrian *Länder* in the Western zone, clandestinely in the Eastern. In February 1946 the Allied Government prohibited the movement as Fascist—this in spite of the fact that many of the leading Austrian royalists had spent years in German concentration camps for their political convictions. While co-editors of this prohibition, the Western powers never applied it. The Austrian Federal Government simply ignored the existence of the decree.

From 1946 until today the movement has grown steadily but not spectacularly. Communist attempts to break up royalist meetings, to smuggle agitators into royalist gatherings, to bomb royalist halls, simply added to the steadily mounting popularity of the royalist cause. The Socialists have largely maintained a passive attitude: provided the Monarchist Movement remain legal, provided it restrict its efforts in favor of the monarchy to constitutionally sanctioned means, the Socialists will refrain from objecting.

A notable exception to Socialist neutrality occured in October 1952, when the issue of monarchist agitation against the Republic was raised in the National Assembly. Doctor Figl, then Chancellor, answered clearly that every Austrian had the right to work for an alteration of the republican form of government within the structure of the law. Similar sentiments were repeated in 1955 by Vice Chancellor Doctor Schärf, who stated quite bluntly that monarchists were not to be hindered in their efforts to bring the issue of the Crown before the people, provided—once again—that purely constitutional means were used.

Zeal—and Indifference

Monarchist strength is difficult to test. A poll conducted a year ago listed 28 per cent of the population in favor of the monarchy, 40 per cent indifferent, and the balance opposed. The 32 per cent listing themselves as opposed were divided equally into those who would work actively to prevent the restoration and those who would not object personally were the Kaiser to appear in Vienna and be acclaimed by the populace. Among those who are for the monarchy there exists but a small cadre of dedicated zealots who are willing to risk all for their cause. Among those who are indifferent or even opposed to the monarchy there exist vast numbers who warm to the name of Franz Josef and the glamor of old Imperial Vienna. Three cognacs and the Haydn hymn can turn the beer-halls of Vienna into monarchist rallies any night of the week. This sentiment, so typically Austrian in its good-natured remembrance of things past, is not to be despised, but cannot be counted on as an indication of actual royalist strength.

More significant is the fact that monarchist meetings are filled, whereas the parties preach to half-empty halls. The curious and the young, those vaguely remembering a past full of glory and those seeking fresh answers to a new world, drift into monarchist rallies. Tyrol; Vorarlberg; Salzburg; Upper Austria; these are the leading monarchist centers today. Sentiment in the recently liberated areas in the east is more difficult to assess; it is thought that resentment against things Russian will produce a monarchist crop when the field can be harvested properly. But the organization moves slowly, far too slowly to suit the taste of some of the younger royalist leaders such as Camillo Kodric. The movement suffers an amazing lack of money. The whole of Salzburg in the month of September yielded no more cash than it took me to travel second-class from Madrid to Vienna by train.

The impoverished character of Austrian royalism bespeaks the generosity and altruism of its members. Willing to work through all parties, the leaders impressed me as men who seek nothing for themselves. The head of the movement, Herr A. Lovrek, suffered for his convictions from 1938 to 1941 with imprisonment in Dachau and Flossenburg. From 1941 until 1945 he was confined to the city of Munich and forced into heavy industry. This was customary Nazi practice with royalists, both Austrians and Bavarians, throughout the war. If they survived the concentration camps, the Nazi government tried to work them to death in the factories. Those that lived were not paid off in the flush of Wilsonian liberalism that swept Europe in 1945 and 1946. The Allied military governments were then bewitched by hopes of Soviet cooperation and dreams of a return to 1918, dreams already tested and found to be without substance through twenty-seven years of suffering.

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Repelled by the rigid orthodoxies of the parties, Austrian youth is beginning to drift into royalism, to find there that amazing and often frightening individualism and liberty that has always attracted the European mind. Some royalists see the House of Hapsburg as assuming the old Austrian crown and awaiting a call to lead a new European Federation. Others reject the imperial idea for a rump Austria; hoping for the Archduke's return under a more modest title, they would reserve the *Kaisertum* for the future. A few see the Archduke as assuming the presidency of a future European Confederation; to these last the substance of European unity does not depend on royalist symbols. None of them sees any contradiction in a union of republics and monarchies under a common head, whether that head be an Emperor or a President. All are united in a common conviction that Europe must be one again.

Their Beliefs

These men of Austria, men of Europe, look to a crown independent of party domination; transcending the pressures of any given moment of time; a crown capable of insuring the liberty of the person in an atomic future certain to carry with it immense possibilities for both liberty and tyranny. Along with Archduke Otto they see the crown of tomorrow as exercising its supreme function in the role of high judge of the land, custodian of the rights of man; father; protector of those weak and infirm. The paradox of the gospel runs like a cross sketched in scarlet throughout the pattern of monarchist speculation in Europe today. Christ promised that the exalted would be brought low. So, too, will be the crown of tomorrow. Exalted to the very pinnacle of the state, the crown will be without any legislative or executive power. But to it will be reserved all judicial power. Neither the font of all rights of eighteenth-century absolutism nor the colorful nothing of the crowns of today, the monarchy of the future will be a humbling of the mighty before the weak, a public sacrifice of one man to the lowest in the land, who, knowing that he can appeal to the crown on high, knows that he can find there a refuge denied him by the powers of this world.

These men believe that it is only reasonable to place the burden and dignity of the crown on the family that for six hundred years was the sole effective agent of European integration. Serving and served by Germans, Netherlanders, Burgundians, Italians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Irishmen, Scandinavians, men of every Slavic tribe, Magyars, Greeks, Albanians, the Hapsburgs symbolized and often really incarnated the paradoxical European conviction that the continent could be one and yet many, united and still diverse, a place wherein each people could remain itself and still be joined to all others in a common Christian faith and under a common Christian inheritance If a man would understand the meaning of Hapsburg let him go to Vienna and penetrate the heart of the city, the *Kaiserstadt*. Let him walk past the great baroque palaces and meditate carefully upon the names which are one with these houses: Liechtenstein, Auersperg, Harrach, Starhemberg, Kinsky, Palffy, Esterhazy, Collalto, Clary, Pallavicini, Rasumovsky, Clam-Gallas—they all bespeak a common allegiance to a common Europe under a common House, an allegiance given by men of every tongue and tradition to a Christendom whose unity *was* the multitude from which it sprang. Philosophers for centuries have meditated on the mystery of the One and the Many, have speculated on the possibility of their reconciliation and harmony. These philosophers could well turn to the history of Hapsburg: they will find there the actuality they seek.

The great Prince Eugene styled himself "Eugenio von Savoy" and thus linked in his very name the traditions of two of the chief tongues of this world. The Rheinlander Metternich and the Celt Taaffe served the Imperial House, the Dutchman Van Swieten and the Balt Laudon. The Imperial Army during the first great war was staffed by officers whose names recalled every valley in Christendom and thus remembered a peace and promised a future then denied the whole of Europe.

The Hapsburgs have always been Austrians, always Europeans. The House has included the Fleming, Charles V; the Spaniard, Philip II; the German, Maximilian I; the Bohemian, Franz Ferdinand; perhaps they are all summed up by Franz Josef, who once said that he conceived his role in life as that of "protecting my peoples against their governments."

The name of the Emperor-King Charles—revered by all royalists in Central Europe—symbolizes the truly European spirit of the Austrian Monarchist Movement. Looking both to the East and to the West, Charles was martyred by an age drunk with nationalism and blind to the meaning of Europe. Remembering the last *Kaiser* but fortunately spared the age in which he lived, royalists today believe that the idea of Hapsburg will act as a magnet attracting the nations behind the Iron Curtain.

They Died in Hungary

The tragedy of Hungary bears them out. The story today cannot and must not be told in any detail, but it is known in Central Europe that Hungarian royalists died by the thousands throughout those heroic weeks when Europe once again showed the world what it means to die like Christians. The rebellion was led, of course, by the disenchanted Marxist youth of Budapest, by the embittered workers of Czepal. It was hailed in the Western press as the work of men who wanted nothing more than an independent Socialist fatherland. To some extent the judgment is true. But we must not forget that thousands waited, wondering whether this was *their* rebellion or nothing more than a quarrel between Stalinists and Titoists. They waited for but a day and then answered the call of Mindszenty. They arose all over Hungary, swarming out of the mountains, coming together in the towns, deserting the fields. They died knowing full well that the United Nations and the Western press would deny their very existence; they died knowing they would be branded as Fascists by fools who knew nothing of Hungary; they died—perhaps taking a kind of ironic satisfaction in their sacrifice—knowing that their continued presence in the midst of the living was an embarrassment to the West and a boon to the East. They died for Europe. Men of the Cross and of the Crown, they speak from their graves to all the West.

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Letter from Okinawa

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The Ryukyus: Unsuccessful Amputation

The Okinawa Story is neither terrible nor moving, but it shows what difficult and complex situations are created by somewhat thoughtless moves of the U.S. in the big, wide globe.

Let it be said immediately that the maintenance of a huge military base on Okinawa Island is, for the time being, a fully justified military measure in the interest of the whole free world. Nor is here any reason to bemoan the fate of the Communist mayor of Naha who was deposed by the U.S. Military Government of the Ryukyu Islands. Faced with the dilemma of yielding to certain popular desires or upholding liberty, the military Government acted as steward of the free world. Still, this case shows that the preaching of democracy might easily boomerang, very much to the dismay of its apostles. Democracy rests on counting votes, not on discriminating between Truth and Error.

In order to land in Okinawa one needs a military permit. The "Ryukyu State," which is not really a political unit and certainly not a sovereign nation, has no diplomatic representatives abroad. The Americans may have intended to establish here a brand-new nation, but the effort now goes on only half-heartedly, and American public opinion in the long run would probably not sustain such an experiment. For the fact remains that Ryukyu Islanders are Japanese, even if they speak a somewhat different dialect and have somewhat different, especially darker, features. Nations have their variations, and if an outsider tries to talk sections of them into a feeling of separation and isolation, the result may be a violent ethnic nationalism.

This is roughly the situation in the Ryukyu Islands, which have no flag, no national anthem, no genuine passports (but mere "Certificates of Identity"), no proper language but Japanese. At the same time the Leftist elements of Japan, and above all the Communists, are finding the "incorporation of the Ryukyu Islands into the United States" a splendid theme for propaganda: Obviously the Americans pouring millions into these islands want to keep them forever; obviously they are trying every device to alienate the Ryukyu Islanders from their Japanese fatherland; obviously the Wall-Streeters keep Okinawa in order to bombard Japan any moment she may show signs of disobedience to her American masters. This last argument, especially, is nonsense because, since the good old days of World War II, Japan has been accessible to attack by American planes stationed in Wake, the Aleutians, Formosa or even Midway.

It would be idle, however, to maintain that the problem of Okinawa should arouse no apprehension in a Japanese patriot. The original plan of surrender was based on a Japan deprived of all its acquisitions after 1878. This would have meant that it would keep the Kurile Islands as well as the Ryukyus; yet it was shorn of both. The Soviets bagged the Kuriles and the U.S. "took over" the Ryukyus. For the average Japanese it is difficult to understand why the U.S. would pour millions into an island group without wanting to stay there forever. To the writer of these lines there is the example of the American installations in Western Austria, which were given up without a sigh. Yet to Mr. Nakamura, Japan's John Doe, this sort of generosity (or prodigality) is hardly credible. I did not meet a single Ryukyu Islander who thought the Americans would ever withdraw—Soviet menace or no Soviet menace. There are not only the airfields, but the gorgeous shopping centers, the wonderful homes for dependents, the luxurious Ryukyu Hall Hotel, the well paved roads, the harbor of Naha with its up-to-date equipment. . . .

Above all there is the inflated economy, the tidal wave of American-aided prosperity which has transformed the ruined Naha into a booming city about two miles from its former site. Naha has tripled and will soon be quadrupled in population. Its movie palaces, department stores, libraries, palatial banks and neon-jungles still offer a contrast with the muddy side streets, but here they are, designed to stay, and so is the University of the Ryukyus. It is a "New World," but still a Japanese world, and one wonders what will happen if and when the United States withdraws and places these windswept islands back under Japanese sovereignty. What will happen then to the economy of Okinawa, which lacks all manufactures? Unemployment will be rampant, the highways will fall into disuse, the banks will close their shutters. And from a sizable minority the Communists will increase by leaps and bounds and become a real majority.

In 1945 and 1946 passions in the United States were still running high; the expropriation of Okinawa, an island for whose military conquest thousands of Americans had sacrificed their lives, was designed as a primarily anti-Japanese measure. It would have been much wiser in the days immediately following World War II to work out a *purely military* status for Okinawa. Amputations against the will of an overwhelming majority of a population are always self-defeating measures. The French, at least, were clever enough not to cling to the Saar after they saw that it was the potential grave of European unity.

Even now it is not too late to revise the situation in Okinawa. And it should be done. The Ryukyu Island State is a masterwork of ambiguities and therefore a fountainhead of misunderstandings. Hence nothing could be more desirable than the ordered and gradual return of the islands to Japanese civil administration. Needless to say, there can be no talk at present about an American military disestablishment. That can come only when the great emergency is over. But the continued existence of the present order (with an Army in the unenviable role of teaching "democracy") is fraught with many dangers dividing Japan and the United States, two nations which at present greatly need each other.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Heart of Japan

When our American educationists went to work on the Japanese schools during the early days of our occupation, they abolished the established courses in moral instruction. To believe in traditional morality, our professors of education apparently thought, would lead to authoritarianism, militarism, and all sorts of dreadful things. I suspect that nothing caused greater contempt for the United States among educated Japanese than our educational policies forced upon them.

But the Japanese at present are restoring the old courses in morals and conduct. They have good warrant: juvenile delinquency had swelled toward American levels, in part because of the prohibition on this primary function of good schools. The debate upon the subject in the Japanese Diet, during the past several years, has been full of interest. Now the conservatives seem to have won the debate; the ethical courses are coming back.

It is one evidence of the puerility of our occupation-educationists that they seem quite unaware that the chief end of our own educational system, over many centuries, has been ethical. American education has declined in proportion as this end has been forgotten.

M. Raymond Aron, in his recent book, *The Opium of the Intellectuals*, succinctly summarizes the state of mind of the educated modern Japanese:

> The culture of Japan is essentially literary and artistic. The intellectuals employ the democratic jargon and sincerely believe themselves to be attached to ideas which are at once liberal and socialist. But one suspects that in their heart of hearts they put beauty and the art of living above everything else. Verbally, they resent American capitalism, emotionally, they detest the unbuttoned ease of the American way of life, the vulgarity of mass culture. Their traditional values derive from a stiff, high-minded morality, comparable to that of medieval European chivalry: the sense of obligation, loyalty towards superiors, the subordination of the passions to moral duty. The most frequent themes in Japanese literature are conflicts between different duties or between duty and love . . . The American preoccupation with practical efficiency is diametrically opposed to the traditional Japanese desire to give to each moment, to each flower, to each dish an irreplaceable beauty. The feeling that the "American way of life" . . . is guilty of aggression against superior forms of culture is as widespread among the intellectuals of Japan as it is among those of France (although the former may express it less openly than the latter). In both cases, the imitations of American institutions caricature the originals: the "comics" of Tokyo are even more hideously vulgar than those of Detroit. At the same time, there is a reluctance to invoke the cultural argument, which might sound reactionary. It is easier to attribute all the evil to "capitalism."

We are losing whatever influence we still retain among educated Japanese through our own ignorance of Japanese minds and hearts. Now, one of the better ways to apprehend any nation's genius is to read attentively that nation's imaginative literature. Some important Japanese novels, new and old, recently have been published in America.

Soseki's Novel Translated

Among the most interesting of these is Natsume Soseki's *Kokoro*, translated by Edwin McClellan (Regnery, 1957). "Kokoro" means "the heart of things"; and this is a study in the essence of Japanese character. Soseki, perhaps the greatest Japanese novelist of recent generations, died in 1916; he wrote *Kokoro* two years earlier. His works, despite their importance, had not been done into English until Mr. McClellan published this accurate and perceptive translation. Most of the reviews of this book—I have in mind those in the *New York Times* and the *Saturday Review*—have been superficial; indeed, the only understanding review I have seen was that in the *New Republic*.

Kokoro describes a Japanese of education and private means, near the end of the Meiji era, tormented by the conflicting loyalties of which Aron writes. This is Sensei, who kills himself out of remorse for his conduct toward a friend. Sensei says to the narrator, "You see, loneliness is the price we have to pay for being born in this modern age, so full of freedom, independence, and our own egotistical selves." This is the loneliness, indeed, of the Japanese intellectual nowadays, still strongly influenced by the ancient moral traditions that he often endeavors to ignore.

Ancient Truths

Honor, loyalty, duty: anyone who ignores these impulses of the Japanese character is sure to make absurd judgments about Japanese people and Japanese policy. These concepts still retain immense power. In the last pages of *Kokoro* Sensei speaks of *junshi*, a half-archaic Japanese word that means "following one's lord to the grave." In defiance of twentieth-century enlightenment, Sensei himself turns back to *junshi*, even as the Emperor Meiji—the symbol of Japan's modernization—is buried. "I had almost forgotten that there was such a word as *junshi*," Sensei says. "It is not a word that one uses normally, and I suppose it had been banished to some remote corner of my memory. I turned to my wife, who had reminded me of its existence, and said: 'I will commit *junshi* if you like; but in my case, it will be through loyalty to the spirit of the Meiji era.' My remark was meant as a joke; but I did feel that the antiquated word had come to hold a new meaning for me."

To apprehend the ancient truths that lie hid in Japanese language and literature, one scarcely can do better than to read this modern Japanese novel. The translation, faithful to the original in its simplicity of style and its subtle, melancholy beauty, is the work of a man who, like Soseki, has had some glimpse of the heart of things.

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Mechanism—or Policy?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In an age of rockets, Sputniks and imminent space platforms there will be few to argue with the main contention of Professor Selig Adler's *The Isolationist Impulse: Its Twentieth-Century Reaction* (Abelard-Schuman, $6.75), that "isolationism" as a viable policy is dead. But when did it die? In 1917? In 1933? In 1941? Or on that momentous day when a U.S. bombing plane bearing the incongruous pin-up name of *Enola Gay* deposited the first atomic egg on hapless Hiroshima? Since foreign policies are supposed to be relevant to time, place, power and the level of the arts of warfare, the date of the demise would seem to be an important item of our twentieth-century history.

It could be that we were wrong to enter World War I, that we blundered when we got ourselves into a two-front battle in World War II, and that we have made at least forty errors in failing to halt the Soviet expansion after 1945. The date of "isolationism's" demise is important to a judgment on all these issues. But Professor Adler's shotgun method of attack makes it impossible even to discuss the problem with any attention to the lights and shades of the matter.

Professor Adler presents a positive triumph of "rolling readjustment." He is sardonic when he is dealing with the Senate Irreconcilables of 1919-20. They killed American participation in the League of Nations, the "best hope" of its time for the vindication of an "internationalist" approach. Yet when the Europeans failed to use their League to prevent the Italian bombardment of Corfu, or the rape of Ethiopia, or the Nazi reoccupation of the Rhineland, or the Fascist and Communist invasions of Spain in 1937, Professor Adler sets it down to the frailty of statesmen. He does not see that he is on the brink of discovering a great truth, that in a world of sovereign nation-states *it is policy, not mechanism, that is important.* A League of Nations operated by countries which are under the domination of Neville Chamberlains and Lavals will be a mere debating society. Contrariwise, a Britain with a William Pitt the Younger at the helm will do very nicely without "internationalist" machinery. Pitt had a policy—which was to pull down Napoleon without shedding any undue amount of English blood. Neville Chamberlain had no policy—he trusted to the League as a substitute. Thus mechanism, as represented by the League of Nations, actually helped to further Hitler's aims.

Professor Adler likes to play the game of "if." "If" we had joined the League we might have made it work. The supposition is that League membership would have transformed Calvin Coolidge into something other than Calvin Coolidge. (Try to think that one through!) But Coolidge's Secretary of State, Frank Kellogg, did hook us into the Geneva system by way of the Kellogg-Briand Pact. Did it make any difference? No, for we had no policy commensurate with living in a dangerously mixed-up world. When Franklin Roosevelt became President, he dispatched Cordell Hull to London to help stabilize the world economy. Then he sent Raymond Moley chasing after Hull to undo the original decision. This was the reality of 1933. Would things have been different if Senator Borah and Senator Lodge had never lived? If Professor Adler can't answer this one, then the witticisms in which he indulges at the expense of those who doubt that machinery is a substitute for policy are misplaced.

It is often averred that history proves nothing because "scientific" historians lack the benefit of "controlled experiments." But it so happens that we now have a "control" to tell us just what difference it makes for the U.S. to join a league. If the League of Nations failed because in 1920 we "broke the heart of the world" by abstaining, then the United Nations must succeed because, *this time*, the U.S. has consented to be a Charter Member. Alas for Professor Adler, however, the United Nations does no more than register the policy or the lack of policy of its constituents. Good things have happened in recent years—*i.e.*, the Berlin Airlift, the decision to hold the offshore islands in front of Formosa, etc. Bad things have happened, too, and in plenty. But they have happened because of policy decisions in national capitals, not because of anything that has been done at Lake Success or in Manhattan by the East River.

In the end Professor Adler's book degenerates into a species of sophisticated name-calling. If an Achesonian Democrat decides to stand up to Stalin in Greece, it's true "internationalism." But if a MacArthur Republican decides to stand up to Stalin along the Yalu, it's "isolationism." General Marshall is an inspired patriot for opposing Communism in Europe; Senator Knowland is a dog for opposing Communism in Asia. And so it goes. (Query: is it not "One World," Professor Adler? And if not, why, then, the Adlerian nosegays bestowed on Wendell Willkie for writing a book which made "One World" a household word?)

The lack of generosity in assessing motives seems to follow party lines in Professor Adler's book. Roosevelt is forgiven many a bit of duplicity: after all, he had to "baby" his country along. But when Charles Lindbergh looks past Hitler at the wily coun-

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tenance of Joe Stalin, there is the ugly whisper of "anti-Semitism." Why? Because Lindbergh openly said the British and the Jews were against Hitler and were working to bring the U.S. to their way of thinking, even to war. Well, the British and the Jews were against Hitler, and they had a right to be. Why should Lindbergh be subjected to slander because he noted a fact? The truth is that Lindbergh is no more anti-Semitic than is David Ben-Gurion. He merely thought that an unconditional defeat of Germany would loose another monster on the world, which is precisely what happened.

Simply because he is willing to admit that Lindbergh became chummy with Goering in the line of duty while acting as a spy in Germany for the U.S. War and State Departments, Professor Adler thinks he is being "objective" and "fair." Well, it can be admitted that he would like to be fair. But though the will to be objective may be there, the performance is weak. Professor Adler has swallowed, hook, line and sinker, the whole fabrication of the "China Lobby." He says it had millions to spend. But it is a well-known fact that nine-tenths of the China Lobby consisted of Mr. Alfred Kohlberg, a friendly American businessman who got mad when the fellow travelers in the Institute of Pacific Relations took him for a ride. Mr. Kohlberg, who doesn't like to be gulled, started fighting—and this righteous one-man revolt against the prevailing hokum about Mao Tse-tung's Jeffersonian agrarians was such that it moved mountains. But it was done more with nickels than with millions. If Professor Adler had asked Mr. Kohlberg for his version of the creation of the China Lobby he would have been saved some extremely nonsensical statements. He might also have discovered that if there is one thing that Mr. Kohlberg is not, it is an "isolationist." Mr. Kohlberg would just as soon fight Khrushchev in Hungary or Syria as in China. But maybe that's the trouble with Mr. Kohlberg: he has a *policy*.

The overriding fault of Professor Adler's book is that it seeks to impose a meaningless pattern on the movement of American history. His isolationist-internationalist dichotomy robs him of the subtlety that is needed to study and assess human motives. Many Americans objected to the Peace of Versailles because it embodied what they considered to be unworkable policy. They were against the League because it was joined to the enforcement of that policy. This did not make them "isolationists"—unless it was "isolationist" to say "I told you so" when Hitler used Versailles as a springboard to power. Nor was it "isolationist" in 1941 to hope that Hitler and Stalin might encompass each other's ruin. William Pitt the Younger would have called it common sense.

The duty of excessive either-or reiteration which is required by his formula has its impact on Professor Adler's prose. A clever man with a phrase, Adler buries his talent beneath an avalanche of flat, declarative sentences which sound as if they were composed to the beat of a metronome. The result is a lack of modulation that is frequently deadly. I doubt that it is Professor Adler's natural style; it seems more natural to suppose that the style is the result of the theme. If Professor Adler had started out with the supposition that no two wars are alike, he would have come out at an entirely different place—and his sentences, as prose, would probably have sung a different tune.

A Bad Show, What!

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

When Nevil Rigden, the extraordinarily inept protagonist of Storm Jamieson's latest novel *A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill* (Harper, $3.50) breaks away from the Communist Party, the reaction among his colleagues at Oxford is: a damned bad show. They are disturbed *not* by the fact that Rigden had operated in their midst for ten years as an underground agent; *not* that he was a self-professed traitor; but that the fellow made such a *thing* over his change of heart. A chap who washes his dirty linen in public must be a bounder, what!

The Master, whose protégé Rigden had been despite, or perhaps because of, his working-class origin, realizes that blood will out. ("What you happen to believe, as you call it, at the moment, isn't the point [*i.e.*, are you for or against Communism]. The point is that you've been behaving in a way many people do behave—dishonestly and quite irresponsibly. I made the mistake in supposing you were less—what shall I say? less ill bred.") To Pebworth, the doddering liberal who respects a "dedicated Communist," it's a great pity. ("You should have held your tongue, my boy. Much the most decent thing to do.") To Craddock, the fellow traveler more Communist than the Communists, except when it came to signing up for Spain, Rigden has taken the "thirty pieces of silver" and must be destroyed. To Nevil's wife Evelyn, he has gone over to the enemy. ("How d'you think I can bear to live with a dull beast of a Tory?")

With these same ingredients a Mary McCarthy or a Randall Jarrell could have vivisected the Oxford community, probed and twisted until the hearts and minds and prejudices of the men and women involved had been thoroughly explored. The reader would have known what made men like Rigden and his brother-in-law embrace Communism; and why their adherence or non-adherence to an alien doctrine meant so little to their community. But Storm Jamieson is not a Mary McCarthy. Having set the scene with skill and prepared us for a psychological and philosophical discussion, she shifts gears and romps off with a plot so preposterous it would have jolted the late W. C. Fields.

Just to mention one or two elements of that plot: The Communists have decided they must discredit a former comrade named Hudson. To do so they introduce an innocent eighteen-year-old girl (who is, incidentally, the foster daughter of the head man Thomas Faget, who is, also, and also incidentally, Rigden's brother-in-law) into Hudson's apartment one night where he rapes her, as they hoped he would, and now no one will believe the book he has written denouncing Communism. Let's take

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Evelyn's reaction to Rigden's defection. She sends him off to think it over in their love nest in the woods and then sends two Communist goons in hot pursuit to do him in. When that fails, Evelyn goes to the Master, who has been a close associate of the Rigdens during much of their twelve years of happily married life, and tells him that her husband is a) a skirt chaser, b) a pervert, c) a pathological liar, and d) a crook. And the Master believes every word of it.

Whatever its literary demerits, *A Cup of Tea for Mr. Thorgill* reveals a shocking non-comprehension among British intellectuals of the meaning and dangers of Communism. If only an iota of what Miss Jamieson says here is true, what England needs most today is a Commons Committee on Un-British Activities.

Movies

Cinerama: Souped-Up Sensation

GARRY WILLS

The fourth Cinerama (*Search for Paradise*) was my first. And last.

The "exciting" new medium was as boring as the exciting hi-fi records which boost the shrillnesses of strange sounds. There is no doubting the technical accomplishment, or the beauty of the sights and sounds. But an hour of sirens and flea-breathings in hi-fi, or three hours of *visual* hi-fi, make all the odd sensations commonplace. One soon longs for the things men used to call exciting—a tragedy, a symphony—before they acquired the physical itch for nerve-alerting sound and stomach-stirring rides.

I was told at this stage simply to "enjoy it," uncritically, as a child would enjoy such fresh scenes. But I think a child would react to this as millions of children did to Disney's *Fantasia*—by asking someone to tell him a good story. For one thing, a child does have *fresh* sensations, not the acquired habits of equilibrium which make one's stomach jump when a big picture is tilted. He would also wonder why everything was bent in this large, crooked picture, why the screen acquired sudden nervous twitches and pallors. The adult, who can read, would answer from the program that this is because Cinerama "is the most realistic form of entertainment ever devised."

People will say, no doubt, that the current interest in the medium for its own sake, as a trick or bit of magic, will subside with time; and that the possibilities of these razor-sharp sounds and receding pictures will be used for saying something. I doubt it. Technicolor, for instance, though it has contributed to such an achievement as *Gone With the Wind*, remains what it was from the first—a heightened and false brilliance used for its own sake. We are so used to it that we no longer notice its false values; we judge real color by its blatant palette and by the screaming costumes chosen to exploit it.

We have already reached the stage at which people are showing a disappointment in "live" concerts because they cannot listen from within the piano, or from six different places in the auditorium. Poor man, unlike the machinery of hi-fi pickup, does not have six ears, or the Cinerama camera's three eyes; he cannot add as quickly as an IBM machine, or remember as well as microfilm.

Humbly submitting, therefore, to his own obsolescence, he tries to imitate the machine's achievements. The boosting of voices has become common in recordings, even of reputable opera stars; Toscanini's flaws are repaired by splicing the best of eight tapes into "a performance" of a Beethoven symphony. The "overhang," or resonance of echo in a hall, without which Toscanini thought music too *secco*, is baffled in the new auditoriums, to give the shattering clarity of individual sounds to which we have become addicted. Anyone who does not ride under roller-coasters or in the nose of jet planes will undoubtedly, after sufficient dosages of Cinerama, feel cheated by the dullness of reality. Meanwhile the old Serafin performances of Verdi are removed from the catalogues as "acoustically poor," and the visual artistry of the early movies—those silent ones which spoke and told stories—are replaced with collections of too-bright colors and too-loud sounds called musicals. And even the musicals are exaggerated now by the assortment of over-vivid, jabbing sensations called Cinerama.

The attempt to force such a collection of sensations into a story-line is pitifully artificial. There can be no one climax when jaded reactions demand continual climax. The beginning, middle and end of the classical plot is impossible where no subordination, no complexities or blurrings, no half-tints, are allowed. Mere quantity must be attained, dwarfing the human intricacies as the stature of a skyscraper replaces the complexity of a tree. Hence this craving for boosted sound, for more of everything, for heightened colors and sensations, even (in skyscraper, rocket and Sputnik) for heightened height.

Mencken did not realize, when he called this a nation of boosters, what a spectrum of new meanings the phrase could assume. In the scientist's probings at the sky, in the hi-fi enthusiast's boosting of normal and "unfaithful" sounds, in the dope addict's heightening of sensation, our age proves that it cannot see the essential interest of reality. We try to escape the dullness of mere quantitative reaction by seeking more vast quantities of everything and more frantic reaction. This, not the tranquillizers which men call symbolic, is the clue to our escapism. It is the anti-tranquillizers, the boosters and speeders and jabbers, that show how we fly from reality. There is a kind of speed which only the consumption of our own substance can fuel, and this sanity-barrier men are trying to crash in their race to see who can shoot the highest rocket, record the shrillest whistle, photograph the dizziest number of dimensions. The image of a man painting the walls of his cell and calling it the universe applies to those who wrap their curved screens around them and fly away in jets to Technicolor Paradise.

This, no doubt, seems a fanatic reaction to such an innocent entertainment, enjoyed by many men of taste who see in it nothing sinister. Yet Huxley's dream-theater of a doped civilization can only be arrived

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at by degrees, each in itself imperceptible. And we are well beyond the early stages of this process, as the calmest reflection will reveal. When a baritone sneaks up behind us, then circles unseen from hidden speaker to hidden speaker, when an audience starts, grabs for stomach or chair, and gurgles as it rides the waterfall or roller-coaster, it has reached a point of deliberate pliability under a technician's manipulation which can only be called unhealthy. It is not good for man to seek abject susceptibility; to submit, with a practiced grace, to the thousand different hypnotisms that assail him in our age of falsely-high "fidelities."

BOOKS IN BRIEF

FROM A CHINESE CITY, by Gontran de Poncins (Doubleday, $5.00). In his foreword, M. de Poncins confesses that his Chinese city is not in China at all. It is an all-Chinese community of 600,000, founded about 180 years ago by Cantonese emigrés. Known as Cholon to the French, it is actually a suburb of Saigon, the capital of southern Vietnam (Indo-China). M. de Poncins' life in a Chinese hotel, at one of Cholon's busiest intersections, in which opium smoking, gambling, blaring phonograph records and the merry trifling of customers with call girls kept things lively at all hours, is very amusingly reported. But since he could not learn Chinese (as his comments on the language prove), his interpretations of what he saw and his lengthy pronouncements on Chinese thinking and character are presumptuous. If the reader can imagine what any of us would have learned about Chinese manners and morals from a "study" of life in San Francisco's Chinatown a half century ago, he can also guess the value of this French observer's dissertations on Chinese philosophy. R. GILBERT

LETTERS TO VERNON WATKINS, by Dylan Thomas (New Directions, $3.00). Most of these letters written to his fellow Welsh poet by Dylan Thomas are warm, witty, nimble shop talk, about the "craft or sullen art" of verse which they shared. But even so, they ought to delight anyone who likes to read other people's letters, for they are brimming with the zest and charm which Thomas brought everywhere, and to everyone. There is even perhaps a clue here to the terrible question of why so bountiful a man was so little able to preserve himself, and died at thirty-nine. For in every one of these letters (as in all the others of Thomas which have been published so far), there is the same inexhaustible wish to please. No matter what he is saying or how he feels, whether he is happy about his marriage or miserable about the war, he is always turning somersaults, always striving to engage and delight, always exerting himself to be liked. This was his profoundest virtue—this need to take the trouble to reach others; but it was also his most debilitating weakness. Even a Welshman has only so much energy, and Dylan Thomas gave so great a proportion of his to the art of making himself loved that, eventually, there was none left for anything else; not even for keeping his body alive. R. PHELPS

THE GRIM TRUTH ABOUT LIFE INSURANCE, by Ralph Hendershot (Putnam, $1.95). There are few more sacred cows in America today than life insurance. It is good to see Ralph Hendershot, former financial editor of Scripps-Howard, expose this overblown balloon as it deserves. In contrast to all other insurance, life insurance combines a misleading "investment" (the benefits going to the company and not to the investor) with true insurance protection, blowing up premiums to absurd heights. And the worst offenders are the supposedly altruistic "mutual" life companies, where the owners have nothing to say, and rule is exercised by a self-perpetuating oligarchy. Hendershot could have shown that the life companies can only get away with it because competitors are outlawed by state regulations, and that long-range inflation makes life insurance a poorer risk than ever. But he sees enough to make this little volume a must for every holder or potential buyer of life insurance. M. N. ROTHBARD

THE ADMINISTRATIVE STATE, by Fritz Morstein Marx (Chicago, $4.00). Mr. Morstein Marx in this short volume has set about to describe the development of public administration and bureaucracy in the modern industrialized state. Unquestionably the immense increase in governmental activities, and therefore in the number of government employees, in the past few decades has made a serious evaluation of the composition, structure and operation of the bureaucracy vital. By comparing the activities of the Civil Services in various important industrial nations, Mr. Marx arrives at a potpourri of information about the growth and development of bureaucracy, and some of the problems of their function and control. While this book is frankly introductory, one could wish for more soul-searching. Must modern government necessarily be big, thereby requiring a gigantic bureaucracy *per se*, as the author assumes? Does his belief that "The American Constitution specifically declares that it is one of its basic purposes to 'promote the general welfare,'" need re-examination in light of the proposition that the activities of the modern state do not promote the "general welfare" after all? J. H. BECK

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To the Editor

Could Galileo Be Wrong?

Your opposition to Oppenheimer appears to me to be wise and prudent; but I wonder if he is not more of a Galileo than you think. In your issue of January 4 you say: "Galileo's essential astronomical generalizations were correct and observably so, when, in 1633, he was forced by a court of Inquisitors in Rome to recant."

Whether or not the court was wise in concerning itself with Galileo's indiscretions is of course debatable; but the correctness of its scientific position has been demonstrated in recent years by—of all persons!—Albert Einstein.

The point at issue was as to the nature of Galileo's proofs: whether they were categorical or hypothetical; that is, whether they proved necessity or mere compatibility. Long before, in a famous *obiter dictum,* St. Thomas Aquinas had remarked that proofs of the Trinity were like proofs of theories of astronomical phenomena; compatibility was all that could be achieved in either type of discussion.

The Inquisitors insisted that Galileo's proofs were not, and could not be, anything but consistent descriptions of the phenomena. It is also true that they considered that the Bible favored the Ptolemaic astronomy; but this view . . . was not approved by the reigning Pope.

In his special theory of relativity Einstein showed that the postulate that the sun revolves around the earth (*sic*) *once* a year was compatible with all of the observed facts; and in his general theory he showed that the postulate that the sun revolves around the earth 365 *times* a year was also compatible with all of the observed facts. Thus, whatever you may think of the theology or the prudence of the court, its main scientific position was vindicated.

Washington, D.C. ALFRED H. TAYLOR, JR.

The Reason Why

Perhaps the reason why Reverend Robert K. Gray objects to being called a "Modern Republican" [January 4] is because of the appropriate definition thereof: "An elephant making a jackass of himself."

KENNETH D. ROBERTSON, JR.
Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Laissez-Faire: Moribund

In his article lamenting the failure of wealthy Americans to support the foundations peddling pure free enterprise [December 28] Mr. Chodorov ignores this basic fact: materialism has run through the ranks of our society until now the unionized worker, like the industrialist, demands the most reward for the least production. Madison Avenue can fan this mass materialism but it cannot reverse it.

In such a climate how could any sane individual hope to reinstitute the moribund doctrine of laissez-faire, which would so obviously benefit only the wealthy? Even the wealthy seem to realize this fact, and so they compromise for the status quo—which is really not so bad for them.

Erlton, N.J. C. W. GRIFFIN

Pure Science and Man's Soul

For those who think that all our missile problems will be solved by government scholarships to budding young mathematicians and scientists, perhaps we can publish three brilliant sentences of Ortega y Gasset (*The Revolt of the Masses*):

"But I repeat that I am astonished at the ease with which when speaking of technicism it is forgotten that its vital center is pure science, and that the conditions for its continuance involve the same conditions that render possible pure scientific activity. Has any thought been given to the number of things that must re-

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main active in men's souls in order that there may still continue to be 'men of science' in real truth? Is it seriously thought that as long as there are dollars there will be science?"

New York City CLAUD A. THOMPSON

Logic in the West

Evidently James Burnham [December 28] does not appreciate the wonders of the "new world of logic" in which we live. Why question the consistency of concurrent Kremlin threats and peace talk? Let's look at a few "gems" of our own logic and consistency.

1. Scientific leaders are political and economic authorities, whose maximum attainments in the scientific field can be accomplished by devoting most of their time to lectures on political science and economics.

2. The way to get ahead of the Soviets in ICBM's and satellites is to reveal our secrets and lower security bars, although they apparently used opposite tactics.

3. A rebel who destroys national wealth of a certain small American republic (when out of power) would be a wonderful benefactor in power.

4. Our system of democracy can best be preserved by delegating as many decisions as possible to those farthest up the political scale.

CLEMENT C. MASON, JR.

Richmond Hill, N.Y.

To the Chamber, Chambers!

Whittaker Chambers' review of Ayn Rand's novel *Atlas Shrugged* (December 28, 1957) abounded in puerile inanities and asinine asseverations . . . His vicious and groundless linking of Miss Rand to Adolf Hitler is the type of hatchet work we might have expected from Mr. Chambers prior to his "break" with the Communist Party, but in rereading his review carefully one is suddenly struck with the fact that Whittaker Chambers, Communist courier, and Whittaker Chambers, crusading Catholic,[1] had identical political, economic and ethical doctrines to uphold.

Flushing, N.Y. ROBERT A. HESSEN

1. Mr. Chambers is a Quaker—Ed.

While reading the review by Whittaker Chambers, I thought for a moment that I had mistakenly picked up the *Daily Worker*. When I realized I hadn't, I also realized that it didn't really matter—your methods are the same.

Orange, N.J. KATHLEEN MORRIS

Whittaker Chambers has attacked *Atlas Shrugged* in the best tradition of the Communists—by lies, smears, and cowardly misrepresentations. . . . I will sooner in future recommend the *Daily Worker* than NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York City LEONARD PEIKOFF

[Whittaker Chambers'] review is a monument to the mind-blanking, life-hating, unreasoning, less-than-human being which Miss Rand proves undeniably is the cause of the tragic situation the world now faces. . . . If I wanted to understand why my rights are being taken from me and in what manner the life-blood is being squeezed from this country and from the world, I had only to read Whittaker Chambers in the NATIONAL REVIEW.

New York City DARYN KENT

. . . that voice that Mr. Chambers hears, which commands him "To a gas chamber—go!", is not the sentence handed down by *Atlas Shrugged* but the verdict passed upon Mr. Chambers by his own guilty conscience.

New York City VIVIAN GRECZKA

Chambers the Christian Communist is far more dangerous than Chambers the Russian spy.

Columbus, Ohio SAMUEL B. McGAVRAN

[". . . *the book's dictatorial tone . . . is its most striking feature. Out of a lifetime of reading, I can recall no other book in which a tone of overriding arrogance was so implacably sustained. Its shrillness is without reprieve. Its dogmatism is without appeal . . . resistance to the Message cannot be tolerated because disagreement can never be merely honest, prudent or just humanly fallible. Dissent from revelation so final can only be willfully wicked. There are ways of dealing with such wickedness, and, in fact, right reason itself enjoins them. From almost any page of* Atlas Shrugged, *a voice can be heard, from painful necessity, commanding: 'To a gas chamber—go!' The same inflexibly self-righteous stance results, too, in odd extravagances of inflection and gesture. . . . At first we try to tell ourselves that these are just lapses, that this mind has, somehow, mislaid the discriminating knack that most of us pray will warn us in time of the difference between what is effective and firm, and what is wildly grotesque and excessive. Soon we suspect something worse. We suspect that this mind finds, precisely in extravagance, some exalting merit; feels a surging release of power and passion precisely in smashing up the house."*

from Whittaker Chambers' review of *Atlas Shrugged*]

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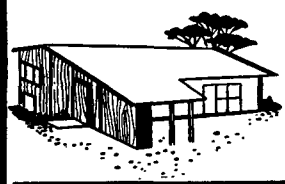

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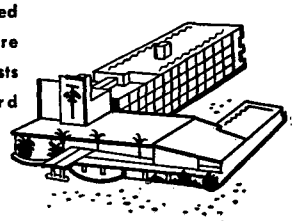

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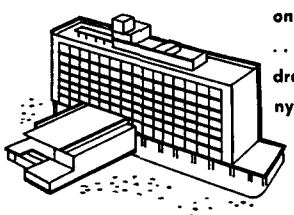

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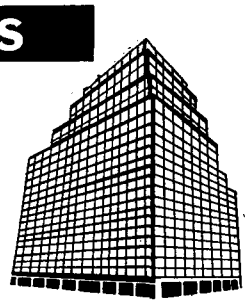

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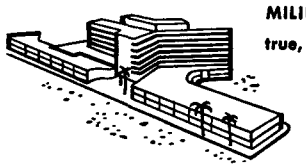

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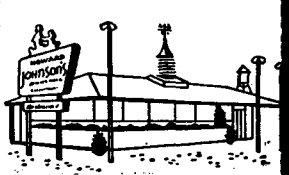

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